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THE MONTHLY AMUSEMENT.

NUMB. III.

For *JUNE*, 1709.

El Zeloſo Eſtremeno:

THE Jealous Eſtremaduran.

A NOVEL.

Written by MIGUEL *de* CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

And done from the SPANISH, *By* J. OZELL.

LONDON, Printed for *D. Midwinter* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, and *B. Lintott* in *Fleet-Street*: And Sold by *J. Mor-phew* near *Stationers-Hall*. Price 1*s*.

THE TRANSLATOR TO THE READER.

FInding a Tranſlation of this *Novel*, publiſh'd in the Year 1640, (for I've ſeen no other) I compar'd it throughout with the Original, and have retain'd ſome Expreſſions; tho' generally the Language is ſo odd, that one might have gueſs'd it was turn'd by no *Engliſh* Man, ev'n tho' the Title Page had not ſhewn it. The Perſon who did it calls himſelf *Don Diego de Puede-Ser*: Who this Mr. *May-be* was I ſhall not examine, but haſten to what is more material, and muſt beg the Reader's Patience this once, after which I think not to trouble him with any more

Prefaces. It has been conceiv'd neceſſary to oppoſe ſomething to the *Cui Bono?* the Query of certain Gentlemen, who deſiring to obtrude upon the World their *Sowerneſs* for *Solidity* and *Spleen* for *Virtue*, run down ſuch ſort of Works as theſe, ev'n without looking into 'em; and involve the Author, Tranſlator and Reader, in the ſame common Charge of *Amuſing* themſelves with Things of no Benefit. In anſwer to this heavy Accuſation, I ſhall tranſcribe what Monſieur *Pelliſſon* ſays upon the like Occaſion, in his admirable Preface to *Saraſin*'s Works. " Theſe ſevere Judges wiſer than God " and Nature, who have made infinite " Varieties of Things ſolely for Man's " *Pleaſure*, are for nailing People down " inceſſantly to the Law, to Phyſick, " and Divinity, and tell us that nothing " deſerves to be eſteem'd if it doth not " tend to the Publick Good. In this " laſt Point I am almoſt of their Opini- " on, but I cannot think it an unprofi- " table Labour to employ ones ſelf agree- " ably for the major Part of Mankind, " and, without corrupting their Minds, " to divert and pleaſe them. Do we " call it a Miſapplication of Time in

" the

" the Father of a Family, to unbend
" himſelf from his Domeſtick Cares,
" the Prince and Miniſter from the
" Toils of State, the Magiſtrate from
" the Tumult and Perplexity of his Of-
" fice, the Soldier from his Fatigues,
" and ev'n the Tradeſman from his La-
" bour? Is it Impertinence to cauſe this
" Man to forget for a Time his Poverty,
" another his Diſtempers, a Third his
" cruel Paſſions, and to all in general
" their Misfortunes? They who judge
" thus are groſly deceiv'd, as may be
" eaſily ſhewn; and for want of going
" far enough, and penetrating to the
" Bottom of Things, they take the
" *Means* for the *End*. Let us open our
" Eyes, and not imagine that either the
" Exchange, that Rendezvous of Mer-
" chants, or the Univerſity, that Seat
" of Learning and perpetual Diſputati-
" on, or the Bar, where private Rights
" and Titles are examin'd, or thoſe
" grand Aſſemblies where the Publick
" Affairs are debated, or thoſe Armies,
" thoſe Engines, and that Artillery, or,
" in a Word, that great Number of
" Springs which give Motion to the vaſt
" Body of the State, are Things made

" for Themſelves, or aim only at one " *Particular* Mark; No; they have all " of them one *General* End, which is, " That the People may live together " *Virtuouſly*, *Peaceably*, *Agreeably*. Theſe " Three Things always were, or ought " to have been, at one and the ſame " Time, in the Thoughts of Legiſla- " tors and Founders of Common- " wealths. Whatever contributes to " the Laſt, without hurting the Two " Firſt, is ſo far from Erring from the " Publick Good, it ſometimes attains it " by a more direct and ſhorter Way. " For Example, The Writings of a ce- " lebrated Lawyer are uſeful, who can " deny it? They inſtruct the Advocate " to make a good Defence; the Advo- " cate, well-inſtructed, cauſes the Judge " to pronounce juſtly; the Judge, in ren- " dring Juſtice, quiets the Citizen. But " 'tis often ſeen, that the different Hands " of ſo many ſeveral *Artificers*, divert " and turn aſide the *Art* it ſelf from " its natural Intention; juſt as it falls " out with ſome ſort of Machines, pret- " ty, and in Appearance well contriv'd, " but made up of too many Movements, " which, becauſe ſome one of them is

" conti-

" continually failing, are every Moment
" at a Stand, and oftentimes *Over-turn*
" what they ought to *Carry*. On the
" contrary, those other Writings which
" are commonly treated with the Title
" of *Bagatelles* (*Trifles*), Ev'n tho' they
" do not serve to rectify Men's Morals,
" or enlighten their Understandings,
" (which yet they may do, ought to do,
" and commonly is done directly or ob-
" liquely) at least, without any other
" Help, they Please, they Divert, they dif-
" fuse *Joy*, which, next to *Virtue*, is the
" greatest Good. Besides, who knows not,
" that a Man may have very solid Rea-
" sons for applying himself sometimes
" to Things that are seemingly not so-
" lid; and that an obscure and secret
" Obligation may often, without any
" Wrong done, prevail over that other
" publick and apparent Duty. This
" Man, whom you blame, has perhaps
" found, That, to re-establish a ruin'd
" State of Health, to Fend against ill
" Fortune, to provide for a Family un-
" der his Care, it is better for him to
" work upon *Songs* than Treatises of
" *Morality* and *Politicks*. If this be so,
" I will be bold to say, *Morality* and *Po-*

" *liticks*

" *liticks* will themſelves enjoin him " to make *Songs*; and it is an Injuſtice " beyond Example to condemn the " Occupations of others, without know- " ing either their Motives or Circum- " ſtances.

There's another Sort of Criticks, who indeed are not againſt ſuch Pieces, but who will not forgive the leaſt Fault; thinking perhaps by their ſevere Cenſures, to acquire to themſelves the Glory of being more clear-ſighted than others. " They are miſtaken. I once ſaw an " ancient Gentleman of a World of Wit " and Politeneſs. Age it ſelf ſeem'd to " have ſpar'd thoſe Two fine Qualities " in him, and only to have meddl'd with " his Body. But his Sight began to fail " him to ſuch a Degree, that he cou'd " not diſtinguiſh any Thing without " much Difficulty. All this while he " continu'd extremely ſollicitous, not " to cure a Misfortune he thought incu- " rable, but to conceal it ev'n from his " moſt familiar Friends. Whenever " he happen'd to be in free Converſati- " on with them, he made an extraor- " dinary Effort (poor Gentleman) to " diſco-

" diſcover upon their Cloaths either
" ſome inconſiderable Spot, or a Ribon
" out of its Place, or ſomething elſe of
" the like Nature; and when he had
" giv'n them this Proof *that he cou'd*
" *ſee*, he return'd with leſs Regret to
" his former Darkneſs, and contented
" himſelf with that dim and confus'd
" Light which his Age had left him.
" Is it not thro' a like Artifice, that ſo
" many Perſons of a very moderate Ca-
" pacity, condemn almoſt every Thing
" in Works of Wit, and pretend they
" are not able to bear the leaſt Negli-
" gence? For, in a Word, they who
" pardon theſe little Slips in a good
" Piece, ſee them perhaps ſooner than
" thoſe who are ſo hard to pleaſe:
" If there be any Difference, it is, they
" diſcern the *Beauties* much better, and
" in that Particular are far more ſenſi-
" ble; A Noble Genius fires 'em, as
" one may ſay, with love of it; every
" Thing there pleaſes 'em, becauſe they
" find an Infinity of Things worthy to
" pleaſe. Let 'em tell us that only Block-
" heads admire, and that 'tis a Diſeaſe
" of the Mind; with all my Heart; it
" is at leaſt one of thoſe Diſeaſes that

" are

" are Signsof Health; whereof *Hippo-*
" *crates* ſome-where ſpeaks, and among
" which he places *Hunger* and *Thirſt*,
" tho' they are both of them Things
" purely Natural.

J. O.

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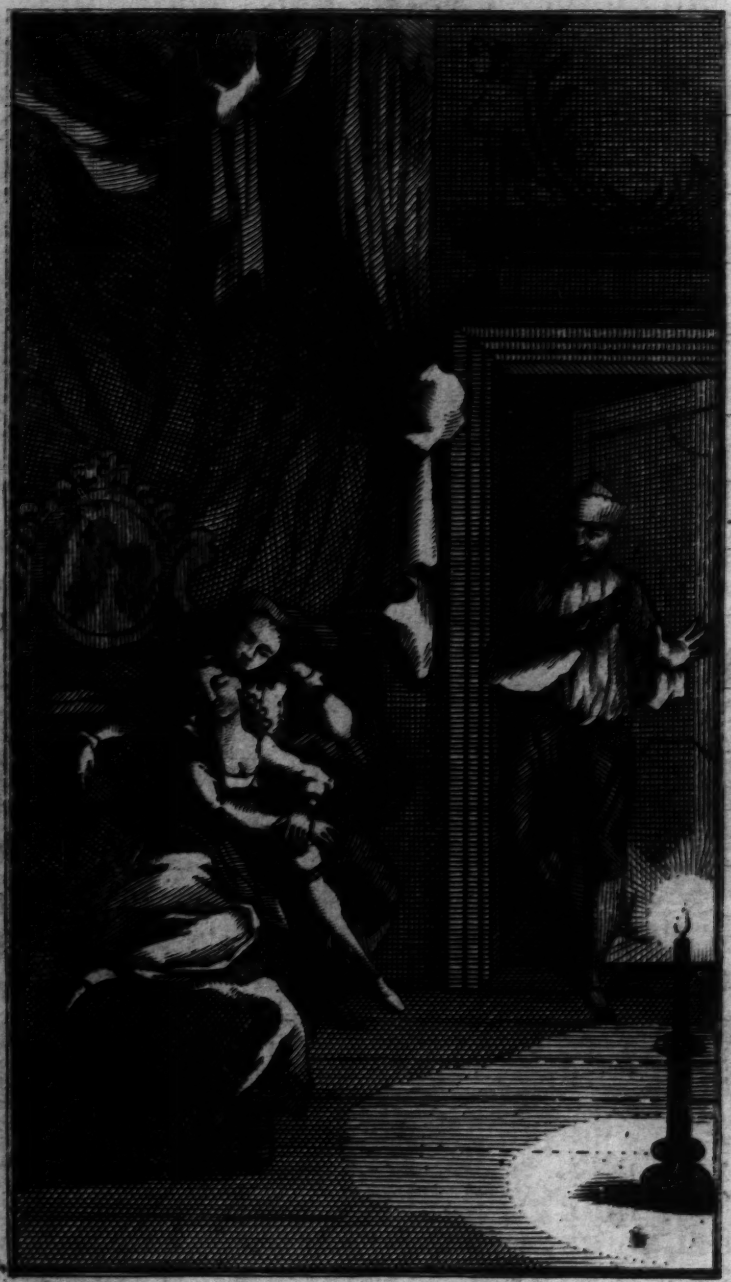

El Zeloſo Eſtremeno:

THE Jealous Eſtremaduran.

IT is not long ſince out of a certain Town in *Eſtremadura* iſſu'd a Gentleman of a good Family, who, like a Second Prodigal, thro' all the Countries of *Europe*, went ſpending and waſting as well his *Years* as his *Wealth*. And in the End, after many Voyages and much Travelling (his Parents being already dead, and his Patrimony well-nigh conſum'd) he came to reſide in the Great City of *Seville*, where he found Opportunities enough to make an End of that little he had left. Seeing himſelf ſo deſtitute of Money, and conſequently not over-abounding with Friends, he e'en had Recourſe to that Remedy which in *Spain* moſt young Fellows make uſe of, when they have ſquander'd away their Fortunes in Riot and Debauchery: In ſhort, he reſolv'd to go for the *Weſt-Indies*

Indies, the Refuge and Protection of Deſperadoes, the Sanctuary of Bankrupts, the Paſsport of Murtherers, the Setter-up of broken Lawyers, the Cloak and Cover of your skilful Gameſters call'd Sharpers, the common Lure for Common Whores, the General Deceiving of many, and the Particular Relieving of few. A Fleet was putting out for *Peru*, and he had no Time to loſe: So he agreed with the Admiral, and furniſh'd himſelf as well as he cou'd with what Sea-Proviſions were neceſſary for ſuch a Voyage; and having ſent the ſame on board, he embark'd at *Cadiz*, with a Farewell to *Spain*. They weigh'd Anchor, and ſet ſail with ſo favourable a Wind that they ſoon loſt Sight of Land, and found themſelves proſperouſly ploughing the vaſt and ſpacious Plains of Father Ocean. Our Paſſenger now began to *Think*; he call'd to Mind the many Dangers he had run in his other Travels, the ill Courſes he had taken, and, in a Word, all the paſt Actions of his Life. Falling into this Account with himſelf, he fully determin'd to become a new Creature; and if he were ſo happy as to make a Fortune, he wou'd take more Care to keep it, and proceed with leſs Liberality and more Circumſpection than he had before done in his Entertainments of Women. With ſuch Reflections as theſe were his Thoughts entirely taken up; and the Fleet

was

was in a manner becalm'd whilſt *Philip de Carizales* (for ſo he call'd himſelf) was agitated with this Storm and Tempeſt within his Breaſt. At length the Wind began to blow with ſo much Violence, that *Carizales* was forc'd to think of ſomething elſe, and attend to the Peril of his new Voyage; which however prov'd ſo ſucceſsful in the End, that without ſuffering the leaſt Damage they arriv'd at the Port of *Carthagena*.

To cut ſhort our Story, and paſs over every thing that makes not to the Purpoſe, we ſhall only ſay that *Philip* was Eight and Forty Years old when he ſet out for the *Indies*, and in the Space of Twenty Years that he liv'd there He manag'd Matters ſo well, he grew, by his Ingenuity and Diligence, to be worth above a Hundred and Fifty Thouſand Crowns. Being Maſter of ſo plentiful an Eſtate, and attracted with that natural Love all Men have for their own Country, he reſolv'd to return home: So leaving *Peru*, where he had got ſuch Store of Riches, and turning it all into Bars of Gold and Silver, he embark'd on a Ship that was going for *Spain*, and at length landed at St. *Lucar*'s, and thence arriv'd at *Seville*, as full of Years as Wealth. Having ſecur'd his Effects, he went and enquir'd after his Friends, and found they were all dead. This put him upon a Reſolution to quit *Seville*, and go end his Days in the Place of

his Nativity, tho' he had before receiv'd News that none of his Relations were alive. *Carizales* was not without uneasy Thoughts; and if when he went for the *Indies* poor and necessitous many Cares distracted his Brain, no less did they now disquiet him in the Midst of his vast Possessions; tho' the Cause was very different; for then he cou'd not sleep for thinking on his Poverty, nor cou'd he now take any Rest for thinking on his Riches. As heavy a Load is Wealth to one that was never acquainted with it, or knows not how to use it, as Poverty is to one who lives in continual Want. Gold brings Cares with it, and Cares oppress him that wants it: But the *Poor Man*'s Cares are remedy'd by having some moderate Quantity of it, and the *Rich Man*'s augmented by having too much. He that possesses nothing, is happier, in some Respect, than he that owns the greatest Treasure; for, in short, the Poor Man may become Rich, but the other fancies he can never be rich enough. Be it as 'twill, *Carizales* cou'd not be perfectly at Ease: He pleas'd himself in looking upon his Wedges of Gold, but his Joy was imperfect, because he knew not what to do with them. He was too old to return to the troublesome and unquiet Life of a Merchant; and to lock himself up with them wou'd be but a Bait for Thieves, and he might chance to have his Throat cut some Night

Night for the Sake of 'em. Beſides, he thought it a great Pity ſo much Money ſhou'd be bury'd, which might turn to good Account if he wou'd follow the Buſineſs he had exercis'd with ſuch Succeſs in the *Indies*. At other Times, he was minded to carry it with him into his own Country, and put it out to Intereſt, and ſo ſpend the Remainder of his Days in Peace and Quietneſs, giving to God what he cou'd, ſince he had giv'n the World more than he ought. But where ſhou'd he put it out with Safety? Where meet with Securities to Satisfaction? Never was Man more perplex'd, or more uncertain what to do. Then again, when he bethought himſelf of the Scarcity and Poverty of his own Country, and that the People round about him were all Needy, he conſider'd that to go live there, was but to expoſe himſelf to all thoſe Importunities which the Poor commonly give the Rich that are near Neighbours to them. Yet ſomething he muſt reſolve, and a Choice muſt be made, which was a Point extremely hard for him who was naturally ingenious at finding out Difficulties in every thing. Then the Toy took him i'th' Head to get him a Wife, that he might not at his Death leave his Eſtate to Strangers. With this Deſign he enter'd into a ſtrict Examination of himſelf, and feeling the Pulſe of his Abilities, he fancy'd he was ſtrong e-

nough to undergo the heavy Yoak of Wedlock. But this Thought ſoon made Way for a great many others of a different Kind. The very Conceit of being marry'd made him tremble with Fear, and he reſiſted it as a Temptation of the Evil Spirit. He was by Nature, tho' unmarry'd, the moſt jealous Man i'th' World; ſo he eaſily foreſaw how unhappy he ſhou'd be in that State of Life. *I'll hear no more on't*, quoth he to himſelf, *No Body marries but Fools, or ſuch as don't care what they do. 'Tis the laſt Rock a Man of Senſe ſhou'd ſplit upon: 'Tis too great a Venture to embark with a Woman; far be it from* Carizales *ever to think of it.*

Poor *Carizales* might as well ha' held his Tongue; there was no reſiſting the Humour of his Stars; 'twas in vain that he Reaſon'd, and made Reflections; Marry he muſt in ſpite of his Teeth.

His Fortune had ſo ordain'd it, that as he paſs'd one Day along the Street, ſtill thinking what Manner of Life he ſhou'd lead, he happen'd to caſt up his Eyes, and ſaw ſtanding at a Window a young Damſel, whoſe very Sight went directly to the Heart of him. Beſides her agreeable Aſpect, ſhe was ſo extremely fair and beautiful, that the good old Man being no longer able to defend himſelf, yielded up the Weakneſs of his many Years to thoſe few of *Leonora*, for that was the Name of this charming.

ing Creature. She was not quite Fourteen, but Love being no Arguer of Caſes, *Carizales* did not think her abit too young. Notwithſtanding the Reſolution he had taken never to marry, notwithſtanding the Reaſons he had brought to ſupport this Reſolution, he found himſelf all of a ſudden ſo metamorphis'd, that he fancy'd the State of a marry'd Man to be the happieſt Condition o'this Side Heav'n: And immediately, without any more ado, he fell to heaping of Diſcourſe upon Diſcourſe and Argument upon Argument. *This young Maiden*, quoth he, talking to himſelf, *is wondrous fair, exceeding handſome; but by the outward Appearance of the Houſe, they can be none of the Richeſt who dwell in't. She is but a Child, and her tender Years can give a Husband no Cauſe of Suſpicion. She's juſt ſuch a one as I want, and it ſeems as if Heav'n had created her on Purpoſe for me. She has not ſeen the World, that real Quickſand of moſt Women's Virtue. Young and unexperienc'd as ſhe is, I may live ſecurely with her. I will marry her, ſhut her up cloſe, and mold her to my Mind: By this Means ſhe can have no other Notion of things but what I ſhall inſtill into her; and thus I ſhall never have the leaſt Reaſon to complain, or to repent of having wedded her. When a Man takes ſuch Precautions, he may ſafely marry. I'm not ſo old,* adds he, *but I may be the Father of many Children to inherit my Eſtate. I care not whether ſhe be*

Rich

Rich or Poor, whether ſhe bring a Fortune or no, I have enough for us both. The Rich ought to ſtudy their Pleaſure when they marry. Content and Delight lengthen Man's Life, whereas the Contrary ſhorten it. Come what will come, the Die is caſt, and this is the Chance that Heav'n has giv'n me.

However, he did not go to work hand-over-head, but thought of it a hundred Times over and over. Some Eight or Ten Days being paſt, and he perſiſting in his Deſign of eſpouſing the young *Leonora*, he went to her Parents, and after he had giv'n 'em an Account of his Eſtate and Quality, he entreated them to beſtow their Daughter on him in Marriage. *Leonora*'s Father, a good Gentleman, tho' of no great Subſtance, open'd his Eyes to the Propoſal: He return'd profound Thanks for the Honour that was done him; but deſir'd ſome ſhort Time to inform himſelf of what he had deliver'd, and in the mean while Senior *Carizales* might do the like, for the better aſſuring himſelf of the Truth of their Nobleneſs; for that Marriage was not an Affair of a Day, and no Body cou'd take too much Care upon ſuch an Occaſion. So for that Time they parted, and having enquir'd of each other's Circumſtances, and finding no Cauſe to be diſſatisfy'd, they began to put their Hand to the Work; and in Concluſion, *Leonora* came to be the Spouſe of *Carizales*, who

who firſt made a Settlement upon her to the Value of Twenty Thouſand Ducats, ſo much was his Soul inflam'd with love of her. *Carizales* ought to have been happy, he had pleas'd his Fancy in a Wife; yet had he ſcarce pronounc'd the Matrimonial *Yes*, but on a ſudden a Troop of raging Jealouſies attack'd him, and render'd his Condition to the laſt Degree miſerable. Without any Cauſe giv'n, he began to ſhake and tremble; a Thouſand Chimæra's and groundleſs Imaginations turn'd his very Brains; and, in a Word, never was Husband more jealous than he was the very Day he ſign'd the Contract of Marriage. The firſt Proof he gave of his ſuſpicious Temper, was, when his Wife's Wedding-Cloaths were to be made, he wou'd not by any Means ſuffer the Taylor to take meaſure of her; no, he was inflexible upon that Head; he ſtudy'd a Thouſand Ways ſo to bring it about that the Taylor might neither ſee nor touch her. At length, after great Search, having met with another young Woman much about the Size and Stature of his Miſtreſs, he caus'd the Taylor to take meaſure of that Girl, and accordingly a Suit was prepar'd, which happen'd to fit *Leonora* to a Hair. By this Meaſure he order'd all the reſt of her Cloaths to be made, which were ſo rich and ſo many, that her Parents thought themſelves extremely happy in lighting on ſo good

good and ſo kind a Son-in-law. As for *Leonora*, who in all her Life before never went beyond a Serge Pettycoat and a Taffeta Jacket, ſhe was inconceivably rejoyc'd to ſee ſuch a deal of Pomp and Bravery. Another very ſingular Fancy came into his Head; he wou'd not bed his Wife 'till he had a Houſe to himſelf, which he order'd in this Manner: He bought one, which coſt him Twelve Thouſand Ducats, being ſeated in one of the principal Quarters of the City, and furniſh'd it with the utmoſt Magnificence. It had a curious Garden belonging to it, and was moated round with a very deep Canal. He damm'd up all the Windows towards the Street, tho' never ſo diſtant; and the nobleſt Apartment of all, and which was to be for his Wife and himſelf, had no other Light but what came in over-head from Heav'n, being contriv'd in Form of a *Dome*. In the Gateway or Portal of the Street he made a Stable for one *She*-Mule, and over it a Hayloft, with a Lodge for his Groom, who was an old Negro, and, more than that, an *Eunuch*. The Terraſs Walls he rais'd ſo high, that whoever enter'd into the Houſe muſt ha' beheld the Heav'ns in a direct Line, without being able to ſee any thing elſe. Beſides this he made

made a * *Tornell* (ſuch as your Nuns have in their Monaſteries) which from the Portal butted upon the inner Court. Never were ſo many Precautions taken as by this jealous-pated old Man. He likewiſe bought Four white Female Slaves, and Two Blackamores of the ſame Sex; theſe were the Domeſticks of *Carizales*, for as to Footmen he wou'd ha' none. Having thus diſpos'd his Houſe, and made choice of thoſe who were to ſerve him, he covenanted with a Caterer to buy and bring him in his Houſhold Proviſion. This Man, in a Word, was to furniſh all Things, but on Condition, Not to lodge in the Houſe, nor paſs a Step further than the *Tornell*, where he was to deliver in what he brought. This done, he put out Part of his Monies to Uſe ſafe Hands, reſerving a good round Sum to lie ready upon any extraordinary Occaſion that might offer. He alſo caus'd one Maſter-key to be made for all the Doors of the Houſe, where he lock'd up whatever he bought in Groſs and in the Seaſon, to ſerve for the Proviſion of the whole Year. When he had made an End of theſe Preparations, he went to his Father-in-law and

* Torno de Monjas, *the Nun's Wheel, being a round Box turning upon an Iron Pin by which they receive and give what is neceſſary without being ſeen.*

demanded his Wife. Her Parents deliver'd her up to him, not with a few Tears, becauſe it ſeem'd to them as if he carry'd her to her Grave. The tender *Leonora* knew not as yet what had befall'n her; ſo weeping for Company with her Parents, ſhe crav'd their Bleſſing, and taking Leave of them, attended by her Slaves and Servants, her Husband led her home to his new Houſe; wherein they no ſooner enter'd, but *Carizales* made a Speech to all his Servants, recommending the Guard of *Leonora* to their Charge; forbidding them, upon Pain of his higheſt Diſpleaſure, to admit any one within the ſecond Door, no not the Negro, tho' an Eunuch. And the Perſon to whom he more eſpecially committed the keeping and entertaining of *Leonora*, was a (†) *Duena* of great Prudence and Gravity, whom he hir'd to be as it were a Governeſs to *Leonora*, and an Overſeer of all that was to be done in the Houſe, and to have Authority over the Slaves, and the Two Damſels of *Leonora*'s Age, whom he had made choice of to keep her Company. He promis'd to

(†) Duenas, *a ſort of ancient Widows they keep in all Great Houſes in* Spain, *more for Grandeur than any Service they do. They are much hated by the young People, becauſe they pry into their Actions, and are often peeviſh and ill-natur'd. Some bad ones have given an ill Name to the reſt, but they are commonly decay'd Gentlewomen, and are kept accordingly.*

uſe

uſe them all ſo well that they ſhou'd not be ſenſible of their Confinement, and they aſſur'd him they wou'd do whatever he pleas'd to command them without the leaſt repining; the Bride likewiſe curtzying, and bowing down her Head, ſaid, ſhe had no other Will but that of her Husband and Lord, to whom ſhe wou'd ever be obedient.

Never was Woman ſo kept up. She went not abroad but on *Sundays* and Holydays to Church, and there it was that her Father and Mother, in preſence of her old Man, had Liberty of ſpeaking with her. The Entrance of his Houſe was forbid 'em; he told 'em his Mind as to That, before he marry'd: But in Amends, he conferr'd upon 'em ſo many Favours, and aſſiſted them ſo kindly in their Neceſſities, that their Son-in-law's *Liberality* did in ſome Meaſure moderate their Grief for their Daughter's *Captivity*. *Carizales* us'd to riſe betimes in the Morning, ſtaying within till the Purveyor came, who had always a Note left for him over-night in the *Tornell* what he was to provide for the next Day. When the Purveyor was come and gone, *Carizales* went abroad, after he had lock'd faſt the Two Gates, the Fore-Gate and the Middle, between which the Negro was lodg'd. Not having any great Buſineſs he never ſtaid long out. Then, when he return'd, and had ſhut himſelf up,

he ſpent his Time in careſſing his Wife, and chatting familiarly with his Servants, who lov'd him becauſe he was good-humoured and a generous Maſter to 'em all, and never let them want for any thing, that they might not call to Mind, or ſo much as once think of their cloſe Impriſonment. As for *Leonora*, ſhe and her Servants were all *hail Fellows well met*; whatever *They* did, the ſame did *She*, for ſhe had no other Company to divert her; nay, ſuch was her Simplicity, that ſhe fell to making of Babies, and the like childiſh Things, which however ſhew'd the Plainneſs and Innocence of her Diſpoſition and the Greenneſs of her Years. All this gave exceeding great Satisfaction to her jealous Husband, being fully convinc'd that he had hit right in chuſing the beſt kind of Life that he cou'd poſſibly deviſe or imagine, and that by no manner of Means, either Humane Wit or Malice cou'd diſturb his Quiet. And therefore he did nothing but ſtudy to bring home Rarities and Dainties to pleaſe his Wife, begging of her, that whatever ſhe had a Mind to ſhe wou'd acquaint him with it, and ſhe ſhou'd have it coſt what it wou'd, for he ſhou'd think nothing too good or too dear for her. Thus it was that *Philip* led his Life; and in this Manner *Leonora*, with her Six Slaves, paſs'd a Year of Probation, and might have paſs'd many more if the

ſubtle

ſubtle Diſturber of Mankind had not buſy'd himſelf, as you ſhall by and by hear.

Tell me now, he that takes himſelf to be the diſcreeteſt and moſt cautious of Mortals, what better or ſurer Preventions cou'd old *Carizales* have us'd to make all ſafe and ſecure; ſince he was ſo far from ſuffering any *Man* to enter his Houſe, he wou'd admit of no one Creature that was *Male*: Not ſo much as a Boar-Cat to drive away the Mice, nor a Dog to bark at the Gates; they were all of the Feminine Gender. *Carizales*, being now fully ſettl'd, he began to enjoy (poor Man!) as well as he cou'd the Fruits of Matrimony; which, that he might have All to himſelf, in the Day he mus'd much, in the Night he ſlept little. He was the Watch and Centinel of his Houſe, and went the Rounds every Evening and Morning. He was himſelf the vigilant *Argus* over his Wife. To keep all ſorts of Men, ev'n his intimate Friends, as far off as poſſible, he treated of Buſineſs in the open Street. The Figures of the Hangings, and the Pictures which adorn'd his Apartments, were of the Veſtal Virgins, or the Goddeſſes, or ſome of thoſe illuſtrious Women celebrated in Hiſtory. To conclude, his whole Houſe breath'd nothing but Vertue, Modeſty, and Reſerve: Nay, ev'n in thoſe Tales which in the long and tedious Nights of Winter his Servants us'd

to tell by the Fire-ſide, Man was as little mention'd as if there was never any ſuch thing in the World; but the Stories were of ſome Fairy, ſome Amazon, or Heroine of former Times. *Leonora* was extremly fond of her Husband, as all young Virgins are of their firſt Love, which leaves an Impreſſion in their Soul as a Seal does in Wax. The Silver of the old Man's Hairs did to her Eyes ſeem to be of pure Gold. His exceſſive Jealouſie ſhe took for ſage Circumſpection, and believ'd all new-marry'd Women led the ſame ſort of Life. Her Thoughts never gadded beyond the Walls of her own Houſe, and all the Pleaſure ſhe took was to pleaſe *Carizales*, and therein ſhe prevented ev'n his Deſires. She never ſaw the Street but when ſhe went to Church, nor then but in her Way back, for they carry'd her thither ſo early there was no ſeeing any thing. Never was Monaſtery ſo cloſe kept, never did Nun lead a Life more recluſe, never were Golden Apples ſo narrowly watched; and yet *Philip*, for all this, cou'd not help falling into the Pit he ſo much dreaded, or at leaſt believing he was fall'n into't.

There is in *Seville* a looſe idle Sort of People, a Smock-ſmelling, Tongue-padding, Good-for-nothing Generation, who ſpend their Time in Gaiety and courting the Ladies, and will do any thing with a Woman but marry her. Men of Pleaſure, handſome

handſome proper young Fellows, born to good Eſtates, for which perhaps their Fathers went to the Devil. Now one of theſe Sparks (a Batchelor) had taken Notice of this Houſe of the wary *Carizales*, and finding it perpetually ſhut, had a mighty Deſire to know what there was within it. He apply'd himſelf with ſuch Diligence and Addreſs, that he ſoon came to a full Diſcovery of every thing; the old Man's Humour, the young Ladies Beauty, and how ſhe was guarded; all which did but inflame him the more, to ſee, if it were poſſible, to win by Force or Stratagem a Fortreſs ſo well ſecur'd. So breaking the Buſineſs to Three or Four of his Friends of the ſame Feather with himſelf, they reſolv'd to help him in the Execution of it; for in ſuch kind of Enterprizes Adviſers and Aſſiſtants are ſeldom wanting. But as it was a Thing not ſo eaſily done as ſaid, there being very great Difficulties to ſurmount, they enter'd often into Conſultation upon what Methods were beſt to be us'd in ſo dangerous a Piece of Service, and at length agreed upon this:

Loayſa (for ſo was this boon Companion call'd) feigning to go into the Country for ſome Days, ſhut himſelf up from his Friends and Acquaintance. This done, he puts on a Pair of fine Linnen Drawers, and a curious Holland Shirt, but over them ſuch ragged tatter'd Cloaths, ſo patch'd and piec'd,

that the pooreſt Beggar in the City had none ſo bad. He ſhav'd off Part of his Beard, cover'd one of his Eyes with a black Patch, bound up a Leg with Swaths very ſtrait, and planting his Body upon Two Crutches, he appear'd ſo metamorphis'd, that thoſe who ſaw him in that Equipage agreed it was impoſſible better to perſonate a lame Beggar. In this Diſguiſe he poſted himſelf every Evening, Begging at *Carizales*'s Door, which he ſtill found ſhut. The Apartments were ſo remote, that it was impoſſible for the old Man, or *Leonora*, or any of the Slaves to hear him; but he had his Ends; he wanted only to excite the Curioſity of the Negro, who was mew'd up between the Two Doors. After *Loayſa* had made ſome piteous Lamentations, leaning his Back againſt the Gate, he took a little Guitar out of a greaſy Caſe, and as he underſtood ſome Muſick, he play'd, and ſung a Parcel of Comical Ballads concerning the Moors and Mooriſh Women, with ſo odd a Grace and Humour that all the Paſſengers ſtood to hear him. *Lewis* the Negro laying his Ears as cloſe as he cou'd to the Chinks of the Door, was ſo raviſh'd he wou'd have giv'n an Arm to have open'd it; (ſuch is the Inclination your Negroes naturally have to any thing like Muſick). When *Loayſa* had a Mind to get rid of his Audience, he left off ſinging, put up his Guittar, and betaking

himſelf

himſelf to his Crutches went his way. Five or Six Evenings he had giv'n this Muſick ſolely for the Sake of the Negro, it ſeeming to him that the Place where he was to begin to make a Breach in this Building muſt be by the Negro, nor was he at all deceiv'd in his Opinion. And tho' he had not yet ſpoken to him, it was not long before he did; for coming one Night, as uſual, to the Gate, he fell to tuning his Guitar, and perceiv'd the Negro very attentive; ſo, drawing near to the Hinge, he calls to him in a low Voice, Prithee, good dear *Lewis*, if it be poſſible, give me a Glaſs of Water, for I periſh with Thirſt, and am not able to ſing one Note. I cannot poſſibly do it, reply'd the Negro, tho' my Life lay upon't; for I neither have the Key to this Door, nor is there the leaſt Hole or Cranny thro' which to give it thee. *Loayſa* asking, Who had the Key? My Maſter, (reply'd he) who is the moſt Jealous Man upon God's Earth; and if he ſhou'd but know that I was amuſing my ſelf thus in talking with any Body, it wou'd be as much as my Life was worth: But pray who are you? I am (reply'd *Loayſa*) a poor Cripple, who get my Living by begging, for God's Sake, of good and well-diſpos'd Chriſtians. Beſides this, I teach ſome *Moors*, and other poor People, to play upon the Guitar. I have above Twenty Scholars, as mean as I am,

am, and among 'em there are Three Negroes, who are ſo well improv'd that they pick up a pretty Livelihood in the Taverns and other Places, and can ſing any Tune, and play any Dance that's call'd for; and they have paid me very well for my Pains, God bleſs 'em. I wou'd pay you much better, ſaid *Lewis* ſighing, if I had but an Opportunity to learn; but that can never be, becauſe my Maſter, when he goes out in the Morning, locks the Fore-Gate, and when he returns does the like, leaving me a Priſoner between the Two Doors. I ſwear *Lewis* (reply'd *Loayſa*) if thou cou'd'ſt but think upon, or deviſe any Means how I might get into thy Apartment to give thee a few Leſſons, I wou'd in a Fortnight make thee play ſo well upon the Violin or Guitar, that thou ſhou'dſt not be aſham'd to play at the Corner of any Street in *Seville*; for I wou'd have thee to know that I have an excellent Gift in Teaching, and I ſhou'd have the leſs Pains with thee, becauſe I know thou neither wanteſt *Inclination* nor *Capacity*. By the Tone and Organ of thy Voice I cou'd lay a good Wager thou ſing'ſt wond'rous clear and well. I have none of the worſt Voices, tho' I ſay it, (cries the Negro); but what Good does that do me, ſince I know no other Tune but that of *Eſtrella de Venus*, and that of *Por un verde prado*, and that which is now moſt in uſe,

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A los hierros de una reia. All theſe are Trifles, ſays *Loayſa*, (interrupting the *Moor*, who was humming over the Tunes) they are not worth a Pin compar'd to thoſe I can and will teach thee; for I know all the Songs of the *Moor Abindarrez* and his Lady *Xariſa*, and likewiſe of the Grand Sophi *Poluphloisboio Thalaſſes*, together with thoſe of the *Zarabanda*, ſo divinely compos'd that they raviſh the Souls of the *Portugueſe*. All theſe I teach with ſuch Dexterity, and in ſo eaſy a Method, that if thou ſhou'dſt happen to be ſomewhat hard of Apprehenſion, thou ſhalt ſcarce have eaten Three or Four Buſhels of Salt before thou mayſt paſs currant for one of the beſt Muſicians in all *Spain*. The *Moor*, who did not perceive how he was banter'd, anſwer'd with a deep Sigh, But what booteth all this, ſince I know not how I ſhall get thee into the Houſe? There's a Remedy for all Things, reply'd *Loayſa*; do you but contrive to get your Maſter's Keys, and I will give you a Piece of ſoft Wax to take the Impreſſion of the Wards, and out of the great Affection I have for thee, I will procure a cunning Lockſmith of my Acquaintance to make the Keys accordingly, and ſo in the Night I may come in to thee, and will teach thee to play better than *Preſter John* of the *Indies*, or the *Hodmandod* of *Perſia*. 'Tis a Thouſand Pities, methinks, ſuch a Voice as thine

ſhou'd be loſt for want of Improvement; for I muſt tell thee, Brother *Lewis*, that the beſt Voice in the World has not half that Beauty and Agreeableneſs, if it is not accompany'd with ſome Inſtrument, be it either Guitar, Lute, Harp, Organ, or the like; But that which will fit your Voice the beſt is the Guitar, it being the moſt portable, and the cheapeſt of any other. I am of your Mind for that (reply'd the Negro); but what you propoſe cannot be done, becauſe the Keys never come to my Hands, nor doth my Maſter ever let 'em go out of his, Day nor Night, they ſleep with him underneath his Pillow. Then do this other thing *Lewis*, ſaid *Loayſa*, if thou haſt a Mind to be a perfect and compleat Muſician; if not, I have done, and will not trouble my ſelf any farther in adviſing thee. Have a Mind! anſwer'd *Lewis*, yes marry have I, and ſo great a Mind, that I wou'd leave no Stone unturn'd, provided I might come to be a good Muſician. Doubt you not of that, reply'd *Loayſa*; do you but remove ſome little Quantity of Stone or Earth near the Hinges, which you may eaſily do, and I'll give thee in a Pair of Pincers and a Hammer, with which thou mayſt in the Dead of Night pluck out the Nails of the Lock, and faſten them again to the Plate, ſo that it ſhall never in the leaſt be perceiv'd to have been taken off; and when

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I'm ſhut up with you in your Hayloft you ſhall ſee what I can do, and ſooner perhaps than I have ſaid or you can imagine, for my own Reputation and your Improvement. Don't loſe the Opportunity, dear *Lewis*, thou wilt never have ſuch another. Sure nothing leſs than the Love I bear thee cou'd make me covet to be mew'd up with thee in thy Garret; but what won't one do for a Friend? And as for Victuals take no Care for that, I will bring Proviſion enough with me to ſerve both of us Eight or Nine Days, for I have Scholars and Friends (I thank God) that will not ſee me want any thing. As for our Diet (reply'd the Negro) that's the leaſt thing we need to fear; for what with my Maſter's Allowance and my Fellow Servants Kindneſs to me underhand, we ſhall have Victuals enough, and to ſpare, for Two more beſides our ſelves. Do you bring the Hammer and Pincers you ſpeak of, and let me alone to make Way for the getting of 'em in, and damming up the Place again; and tho' it ſhou'd be neceſſary to ſtrike ſome Blows with the Hammer in taking off the Plate, yet my Maſter's Bed-Chamber is ſo far off, it muſt be a very great Miracle or Misfortune if he happen to hear us. Well (ſaid *Loayſa*) let us leave that to the Venture, and within theſe Two Days thou ſhalt have all that is neceſſary for the putting of this our vertuous Deſign in Execution; and let

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me adviſe thee to refrain from ſuch Meats as breed Flegm, for they do no manner of Good, but rather ſpoil the Voice. No one Thing (reply'd *Lewis*) makes me ſo hoarſe as Wine, yet will I not be debar'd drinking of it for all the Voices in the World. No, by no Means, (ſaid *Loayſa*) it was the leaſt of my Thought; God forbid I ſhou'd deny you ſo good a Thing. Drink my Son *Lewis*, drink, and much Good may't do thy Heart, for Wine that is drunk with Meaſure never cauſes any Harm. Nay I drink it with Meaſure I aſſure you (reply'd the Negro) for I have a Bottle which holds juſt Three Pints, and this my Fellow Slaves bring me full every Day without my Maſter's Knowledge; and the *Diſpenſero* ever and anon, but very ſecretly, furniſhes me with a Jarr which holds juſt a Gallon, for a new Supply when my Bottle begins to grow low. Faith (ſaid *Loayſa*) thou talkſt admirably, and haſt a deeper Reach than I believ'd; a wiſer Man than thee is no Fool; there's ſomething of Senſe in what thou do'ſt; Juſt ſuch a kind of Life do I lead, and there's no living without it, for *la ſeca garganta ni grune ni canta*, *A dry Throat cannot ſing a Note.* Well, fare you well (ſaid the Negro); but one Word with you before you go; ſee you do not miſs ſinging here every Night till you bring thoſe Tools with you; for my Fingers itch to be thrumming

that

that Guitar of yours. Miſs ſinging! (ſaid *Loayſa*) No I will dye firſt, and to give you the more content when I come next, I'll tickle your Ears with new Tunes. Oh by all means (reply'd *Lewis*) that will be Pure; new Tunes? thou mak'ſt my Heart leap for Joy. But prithee before thou goeſt ſing me one Song more, that I may ſleep the better after it; I'll pay you for your Pains, never fear it; The Poor are ſometimes better Pay-Maſters than the Rich. I do not ſtand upon that (anſwer'd *Loayſa*) for according as you improve you ſhall pay me and no otherwiſe; and now Hearken to this Tune and I hope you will like it. Then he Sung a Witty conceited Ballad which ſo pleas'd the Negro, that he thought every Hour a thouſand Years till he ſaw the Door open'd. *Loayſa* was ſcarce gone from the Door, but with more Nimbleneſs than his Crutches promis'd, he haſten'd to Acquaint his Companions and Councellors with the good Beginning he had made, and from whence he hop'd a happy Iſſue. He met with them and recounted to 'em what he had Concluded with the Negro. The next day they fitted him with Inſtruments that wou'd break any Nail as eaſily as a Wooden Scuer. In the mean time the Arch wag *Loayſa* did not fail to give the Negro his uſual Diverſion of Muſick, nor was the Negro Negligent to make a Hole for receiving thoſe Tools

which

which his Maſter ſhou'd bring him; Covering it in ſuch a manner, that unleſs it were examin'd with a Malicious and Suſpicious Eye it cou'd never be preceiv'd.

The ſecond Night, *Loayſa* gave him the Tackle, and the Negro trying his Strength, did without much difficulty break the Nails, and with the Lock-Plate in his hands open'd the Door, and let in his *Orpheus* and new Maſter. But when he ſaw him with his two Crutches and in that ragged tatter'd Condition with his Leg all Scarrify'd, he remain'd perfectly Planet-ſtruck. *Loayſa* had not his Patch upon his Eye, it being no longer Neceſſary. And thus accoutr'd, as ſoon as he Entred, he Embrac'd his good Diſciple, and Kiſſing his Cheek, preſently put into his Hands a huge Bottle of ſtrong Wine and a Box of Conſerves, with other Tid-Bits which he had brought with him in a Wallet; then throwing away his Crutches, as if he ail'd nothing, began to cut two or three Capers, at which the Negro was more amaz'd than before. *Loayſa* taking notice of it, know Brother *Lewis* (ſaid he) that my Lameneſs proceeds not from any Infirmity but Deſign. By this Trick and my Muſick I get my daily Bread, and lead the merryeſt Life of any Man in the World; whilſt the Ignorant and the Idle are ready to Starve; And this thou ſhalt ſee in the courſe of our Friendſhip. Time will

will ſhew it,(anſwer'd the Negro) but let us take care to put this Plate again in it's place, that what we have done may not be diſcern'd. With all my Heart, quoth *Loayſa*, and taking ſome Nails out of his Wallet they faſtned the Plate ſo neatly to the Lock that it was juſt the ſame as before, to the Negro's no little Satisfaction. And ſo *Loayſa* going up to *Lewis*'s Loft, accommodated himſelf the beſt he cou'd. *Lewis* preſently lighted a Wax Candle, and without any longer tarrying, his new Comrade drew out his Guitar, and fell to playing on it ſo ſoftly and melodiouſly that the poor Negro was tranſported almoſt out of his little Wits. After he had play'd ſome time, he took out a freſh Collation and treated his Scholar; who drew ſo deep of the Bottle, that the Wine made him more beſide himſelf than the Muſick. This done, 'twas deſir'd that *Lewis* wou'd immediately begin and take his firſt Leſſon; but the poor Negro being four Fingers deep in Wine above his Brain, cou'd not hit right upon any one Fret, or make the leaſt true Stop; and yet *Loayſa* made him believe that he had already learn'd two Tunes at leaſt, aſſuring him he had the beſt hand in the World, and that he never ſaw ſo good a Beginning. So, moſt part of the night he did nothing but fumble on a greaſie Guitar, out of Tune and worſe Strung.

That little of the Night which was left them, they Slept. And about Six in the Morning *Carizales* came down and open'd the middle Door, as alſo that towards the Street, where he ſtood waiting for the *Diſpencero*; who came ſoon after and deliver'd in at the *Tornell* the Proviſion he had brought. After this he call'd to the Negro to take in the Provender for the Mule, and with it his Allowance for himſelf; which he had no ſooner done but old *Carizales* went his way, leaving both Doors lock't, not perceiving what was done in that towards the Street; at which the Maſter and Scholar were exceedingly rejoic'd.

Scarce had *Carizales* ſet his Foot o'er the Threſhold, but the Negro impatiently ſnatching up the Guitar began to Play on it, ſo loud that all the Maids in the Houſe heard it, and calling to him thro' the *Tornell*, What's the meaning of this, *Lewis*? (cry'd they) Whence had you this Guittar? Who gave it ye? Who gave it me! (reply'd *Lewis*) Who ſhou'd? the beſt Muſician this day living; and one who has faithfully undertaken to teach me in leſs than ſix Days more than Six thouſand Tunes. But where is this Muſician? (ſaid the *Duena*, Mother of the Maids.) Not far off, (reply'd the Negro); and if it were not for fear of my Maſter's coming, Perhaps I cou'd ſhew ye him with a wet Finger, and I'm ſure you'd be

be very glad to ſee him. But where can he be that we may ſee him? (cry'd the Beldam) ſince into this Houſe never enter'd any Man but our Maſter. I will ſay no more (cry'd the Negro:) But I know what I know. O' my Conſcience (ſaid the old Woman) If it be not the Devil that hath taught thee, I know not who cou'd make thee ſo good a Muſician in ſo ſhort a Time. Well, Well, (quoth the Negro) One of theſe Days you ſhall both hear and ſee him. That cannot be (reply'd another of the Maids,) for we have no Windows toward the Street, either to ſee or hear any Thing. No matter for that, (cry'd the Negro,) if you Will, or rather if you Can, hold your Peace, you ſhall ſee what you little think of? Hold our Peace Brother *Lewis*! (reply'd another) We will be more Silent than if we were Dumb. Good Dear *Lewis*, (continu'd ſhe) if you'll believe us, We are ready to Die to hear a good Voice; for ſince we have been Mew'd up like ſo many Hawks, We have not heard ſo much as the Chirping of a Sparrow.

Every Word of this Diſcourſe *Loayſa* heard, to his paſſing great Satisfaction; it ſeeming to him entirely to make way for the Execution of his Deſign; and that Fortune had lent her helping hand in cutting out the Cloth to the Meaſure of his own Will. The Maids went their way

upon the Negro's promiſing them, that when they leaſt thought of it, he wou'd call them to hear a moſt excellent Conſort of Muſick. And fearing leaſt his Maſter ſhou'd return and catch him talking with them, he left them for the preſent and retir'd to his Lodge. He wou'd fain ha' been tampering with a new Leſſon, but durſt not, leaſt his Maſter ſhou'd chance to hear him; who came a little while after, and ſhutting the Doors as uſual, Lock't himſelf up in his Houſe.

When *Lewis* had his Dinner giv'n him that Day at the *Tornell*, he told the Slave who brought it, that at Night when his Maſter was a Bed and aſleep, they ſhou'd all come down to the *Tornell*, and without fail they ſhou'd hear the Muſick he promis'd them. True it is, he had beforehand with great Importunity beſought his Maſter to vouchſafe to give the Maids a Craſh of Muſick that Night at the *Tornell*, aſſuring him that he ſhou'd be much made of by them all.

His Maſter after a great deal of Entreaty yielded to what he himſelf deſir'd more than the Negro, but made as if it was only at his Scholar's requeſt, and purely to Pleaſure him without any Intereſt of his Own. The Negro embrac'd him and gave him a Kiſs in Token of the Joy he receiv'd from the promiſe of ſo great a Favour; and that Day he feaſted *Loayſa* and enter-

tain'd

tain'd him with as good Cheer as perhaps he might have found at home, if not better.

Night came, and much about the middle of it, little more or leſs, They began to hear a Whiſpering at the *Tornell*; whereby *Lewis* preſently underſtood that the whole Pack of them was got together. And calling to his Maſter, he deſcended the Loft with a well ſtrung and better tun'd Guitar. *Lewis* askt them, Who and How many there were of them to hear it? they anſwer'd, They were all there but their Miſtreſs who was in Bed with her Husband; at which *Loayſa* was heartily ſorry; however being willing to give an Induction to his Deſign, he took his Guitar and play'd ſo ſweetly, that the Negro was inchanted, and the Women fill'd with Raptures. But what ſhall I ſay they felt when they heard him play, *Loth to depart*, and the bewitching Tune of the *Zarabanda* at that time New in *Spain*. There was not the oldeſt among them which did not fall to ſhaking their Tails, nor the youngeſt which did not trip it with their Arms a-kembo; but very ſoftly, and with a ſtrange kind of Silence, having ſet Centinels and Spies to give them Notice if the Old Man ſhou'd chance to wake. *Loayſa* likewiſe ſung a merry Ballad, call'd, *A Touch of the Times*, with which he ſeal'd up the Ears of his Auditors

ditors, who earneſtly begg'd the Negro to tell them, who was this wonderful Muſician? The Negro reply'd, 'twas a poor Beggar, but withal, the gallanteſt and moſt Gentleman-like Man of the whole Beggarly Corporation in *Seville*. They conjured him to bring it about, that they might have a Sight of him, and pray'd him Not to let him go in a Fortnight, during which they promis'd to entertain him to Heart's Content. They ask'd *Lewis* how he got him into the Houſe: to which he made no Anſwer, only told them, that if they had a mind to ſee him, they ſhou'd make a little Hole in the *Tornell*, which afterward they might ſtop up with Wax, and aſſur'd them that he wou'd undertake to keep him in the Houſe.

Loayſa likewiſe ſpoke to them himſelf, and offer'd his Service in ſo obliging a manner, that they eaſily perceiv'd ſuch Expreſſions cou'd not fall from the Tongue of a Beggarman. They pray'd him to be the next Night in the ſame Place, and they wou'd procure their Miſtreſs to comedown to hear him, in ſpite of their Maſter's Wakefulneſs, not ſo much occaſion'd by his many Years, as the many Jealouſies he had in his Head. To which *Loayſa* anſwer'd, That if they had a deſire to hear him without fear of the Old-Man, he wou'd give them a Powder to put into his Wine, that ſhou'd make him Sleep

ſounder

ſounder than ordinary. Oh Jeſus! cry'd one of the Dam'ſels, If this prove true, What good Fortune has enter'd our Doors, without our dreaming or deſerving it! This will not be ſo much a Powder of Sleep for *him*, as a Powder of Life for *us* all, eſpecially our poor Miſtreſs *Leonora*, for he is never from her, Night nor Day, not ſuffering her one Moment out of his Sight. Dear ſweet Sir, bring this Powder, and may God ſo proſper you in all you deſire. It ſhall be my Task to mix it with his Wine; I will be his Skinker, and I wiſh with all my Heart the old Lad may Sleep three whole Days with their Nights, that we may enjoy as many of Mirth and Jollity. Doubt not but I will bring it, ſaid *Loayſa*, and ſuch a Powder as will have no other Effect than only to provoke him to a moſt profound Sleep. They all of them joyntly entreated him to bring it as ſoon as poſſibly he could. And ſo reſolving the next Night to bore a Hole with an Auger in the *Tornell*, and to get their Miſtreſs thither to ſee and hear him, they took their Leaves.

The Negro, tho''twas near break of Day, wou'd needs take a new Leſſon, which *Loayſa* gave him, and made him believe, that of all the Scholars he ever taught, not any one had a better Ear than himſelf; yet the poor Fool knew not what a Muſical Note meant.

Lo-

Loayſa's Companions took care to come every Night to ſee if their Friend wanted any thing, and uſing a certain Signal agreed upon among themſelves, *Loayſa* knew they were there; ſo thro' the Hole before-mentioned, he gave them a ſhort Account of the good Poſture of his Affairs, begging them to procure ſomething that wou'd cauſe Sleep, to give to *Carizales*, for he had heard ſay there were ſome Powders which would work ſuch an Effect. They told him they were acquainted with a Phyſician who wou'd give them the beſt he had or knew for that Purpoſe. And ſo animating him to purſue his Deſign, and promiſing to bring it him the next Night, they bid Adieu.

At Night the whole Flock of Pigeons flew to the Call of the *Guitar*; together with them came the innocent *Leonora*, fearful and trembling leaſt her Husband ſhou'd wake. There was a great deal of Difficulty to get her thither; but ſo many perſwaſions did her Servants uſe, and had ſo well repreſented to her the ſweetneſs of the Muſick, and agreeableneſs of the Muſician, and eſpecially the *Governante*, tho' ſhe had never ſeen him, lifted him above the Clouds, and preferr'd him to *Abſolom* and *Orpheus*; inſomuch that the poor Gentlewoman overcome by them, yielded to what ſhe had no Will to do, nor ever wou'd have done.

The firſt thing they did was to bore a Hole in the *Tornel* to ſee the Muſician, who was not now in the Habit of a Beggar, but in a Suit of murrey-colour'd Taffita enrich'd with Gold and Silver Breed, and a Sattin Monteer Cap of the ſame colour, and a fine Lac'd Band, which he brought with him in a Wallett, imagining he might perhaps find ſome occaſion to change his Apparel. He was Young, well Shap'd, and of a good Preſence; and the Women not having for a long time ſeen any Man except their old Maſter, they took this young Spark for an Angel of Paradiſe. One peep'd through the Augar-hole to ſee him, and then another; and that they might take the better View of him, the Negro waving his Candle, walk'd round him from one Side to th' other.

When they had made an end of feeding their Eyes, *Loayſa* took his Guittar and play'd on it ſo charmingly, that he raviſh'd 'em all as well Old as Young. They pray'd *Louis* to invent ſome Means how to bring in his Muſick Maſter amongſt 'em, that they might hear and ſee him nearer Hand, and not at that Diſtance, and thro' ſo narrow a Hole; As likewiſe that they might be rid of their Fear of being ſurpris'd by their Maſter, who might ſuddainly ſteal upon 'em, which cou'd not ſo happen if they took him into the Houſe, and hid him

amongſt 'em. But this Motion was oppos'd by their Miſtreſs, who wou'd by no Means give way to his Admittance, alledging that they might as well ſee him and hear him there, and that with more Safety and leſs Hazard of their Honour: What do you talk of Honour! (ſaid the Governeſs) the King has enough for us all: Pray go you and ſhut your ſelf up with your *Methuſalem*, and leave us to make Merry by our ſelves. This Gentleman, I'll pawn my Life for it, is ſo honeſt, that he will deſire nothing of us but what we will our ſelves. Here *Loayſa* breaking Silence, Ladies, (ſaid he) I come not hither with any other Deſign, but to tender you my Service to the beſt of my Power, condoling with you that you are ſo cloſely confin'd, and that you loſe your time thus in ſo great an Auſterity of Life. I ſwear to you by the Life of my Father, I am a Man ſo Mild, ſo Gentle, ſo Plain in my Dealing, ſo Obedient, and withal ſo Reſpectful to Perſons of your Sex, that I even fear to diſpleaſe 'em by looking on 'em. Be aſſur'd I will never do any thing but what you ſhall command me; and if the meaneſt amongſt you ſhall but ſay to me, *Maſter ſit here, Maſter go there, keep cloſe in ſuch a Corner, lye down, and ſtir not*, I will do as you bid me, with more readineſs than the tameſt Dog that is taught to leap for the King of *France*. If he will

do

do as he ſays (cry'd the ſimple *Leonora*) what Means ſhall we uſe to get this our Muſical Maſter among us? Very good Means, (reply'd *Loayſa*) if you will but take the pains to procure the Print of this middle-door Key in Wax, I will get another made like it againſt to morrow Night. By taking this one Key, we take all the reſt (cry'd one of the Damſels) it being the Maſter-Key to the whole Houſe. So much the better (reply'd *Loayſa.*) True, (ſaid *Leonora*) but you muſt firſt ſwear, that when we have Introduc'd ye, you will do no earthly thing but play and ſing to us as we ſhall Command you; and that you will ſubmit your ſelf to be ſhut up, and to reſt quiet where we ſhall put you, till we releaſe you. I ſwear to to keep all this truly, (anſwer'd *Loayſa.*) Nay this Oath is too General, (reply'd *Leonora*) you ſhall ſwear, ſaid ſhe, by the Life of your Father, and by the Crucifix which you ſhall kiſs in the preſence of us all. I ſwear (ſaid *Loayſa*) by the Life of my Father, and by this Sign of the Croſs which I kiſs with my unworthy Mouth. This he did Three times; which done, another of the Damoſels bid him not forget the Powder, for that was the main Point of all. Here ceas'd the Converſation of that Night, all Parties remaining well content with the Agreement they had made; and Fortune, who from good to better conducted the

Affairs of *Loayſa*, did about two Hours after Midnight, bring together his Friends before the Street-door; where uſing their wonted Call, which was a Jews-Harp, *Loayſa* ſpoke to 'em, and gave 'em an Account how things ſtood with him, and deſir'd 'em to bring him the Powder, or ſomething elſe to caſt *Carizales* into a deep Sleep; he ſpoke to 'em likewiſe concerning the Maſter-Key. His Comrades promis'd that the following Night they wou'd bring him either the Powder or an Ointment, which being uſed about the Arms and Temples, wou'd cauſe ſo profound a Sleep, that the Patient ſhou'd not wake in two Days without waſhing the Parts with Vinegar. They told him likewiſe, that if he wou'd give them the Impreſſion of the Key in Wax, it ſhou'd be made out of hand. This Reſolution being taken, they withdrew, and *Loayſa* and his Scholar ſlept that little part of the Night which remain'd. Not but that our Lover's Heart was impatiently ſet upon the Hour of Appointment, to ſee if they wou'd keep their Word concerning the promis'd Key. And tho' Time ſeems ſlow and lazy to People in expectation, and cannot keep even Pace with our Thoughts, yet it meets 'em in the Point that's propos'd, becauſe it never ſtops by the way. Well, Night was now come, and the accuſtom'd Hour of viſiting the *Tornel*; whither repair'd all the Ser-

vants

vants of the Houſe, great and ſmall, black and white, for they were all deſirous to ſee our Muſician within their *Seraglio*; but *Leonora* was not there; and *Loayſa* asking for her, anſwer was made, that ſhe was in Bed with her Husband, who had lock'd the Door of his Chamber, and had clap'd the Key under his Pillow, and that their Miſtreſs had told 'em that when the Old Man was aſleep ſhe would take away the Key and imprint it in Wax, which for that purpoſe ſhe had already prepar'd, and that they ſhou'd come and fetch it ſoon after through the Cats-hole. *Loayſa* wonder'd much at the caution of the Old Man; yet for all this did not loſe Courage. While this was doing, he heard the Jew's Harp, and haſten'd to the Call; and meeting with his Friends, they gave him a little Box of Ointment which had the Virtue before ſpecify'd. *Loayſa* took it, and deſir'd 'em to ſtay a little and he wou'd give 'em the Figure of the Key. Returning to the *Tornel* he ſpoke to the Governeſs (who wiſh'd for his Entrance the moſt of any) and deſir'd her that ſhe wou'd carry it forthwith to her Miſtreſs, and acquaint her with the property it had; and how that ſhe ſhou'd anoint her Husband ſo gently, that he might not feel it; after which they ſhou'd ſee Wonders. The Governeſs did ſo, and coming to the Cats-hole ſhe found *Leonora* with her length

on the Ground, and her Face toward the Hole. The Governeſs putting her ſelf in the like Poſture, and clapping her Mouth to her Miſtreſs's Ear, told her in a low Voice, that ſhe had brought the Ointment and how ſhe ſhou'd uſe it. She took it and told her Governeſs that it was impoſſible to come at her Husband's Key, for that he had not put it under his Pillow as he us'd to do, but between the two Quilts, and in a manner under the very midſt of his Body: However ſhe wou'd have her tell the Muſick-Maſter, that if the Oyntment did Work that Effect he ſaid it wou'd, ſhe cou'd eaſily take the Key as often as ſhe pleas'd, and then there wou'd be no occaſion to imprint it in Wax. She bid her inſtantly go and tell him this, and return again to ſee how the Oyntment work'd, for ſhe wou'd inſtantly make Tryal of it. The Governeſs went down and deliver'd the Meſſage to *Loayſa*, who preſently diſmiſs'd his Friends that ſtood waiting for the Print of the Key.

Leonora taking the Oyntment trembled with Fear, and ſcarce daring to draw her Breath, anointed the Pulſes of her jealous Husband, and likewiſe his Noſtrils; and in doing it, it ſeem'd to her as if he ſtarted; ſo terrible was her Apprehenſion leaſt ſhe ſhou'd be taken in the Fact. To conclude, in the beſt manner ſhe cou'd, ſhe anointed all thoſe Places they told her were needfull, which

which was all one as to have imbalm'd him for his Burial. It was not long e're the Oyntment gave manifeſt Proofs of its Virtue, for the Old Man began preſently to Snore ſo loud, that he might have been heard into the Street; a ſweeter ſort of Muſick in her Ears than that of *Loayſa* in the Negro's! However not being fully ſecured by what ſhe ſaw, ſhe drew near and jogg'd him a little, and then a little more, to ſee if he wou'd wake; and grew at laſt ſo bold, that ſhe rol'd him about from one Side to to'ther like a Foot-Ball: ſeeing this ſhe went to the Hole, and with a Voice, not ſo low as before, call'd to her Governeſs who was there waiting, and bid her wiſh her Joy, for that *Carizales* ſlept as if he were dead: Why then, ſays ſhe, do you not take the Key? the Muſick-Maſter has waited above this Hour for it. Patience, (reply'd *Leonora*) and you ſhall have it; and turning up the Bed, ſhe thruſt her Hand between the two Quilts, and drew it away without waking the Old Man in the leaſt; and holding it in her Hand began to leap for joy, and without any more ado open'd the Door and preſented it to the Governeſs.

Leonora commanded they ſhou'd let the Muſician in and carry him to the Gallery, not dareing to be farther off for fear of Inconveniences which might happen, and

that before all things they ſhou'd take care to make him confirm his old Oath by a new one; which if he wou'd not conſent to they ſhou'd by no means admit him. The Governeſs reply'd, it ſhou'd be done, and promis'd he ſhou'd not enter till he had Sworn and Sworn again, and kiſs'd the Croſs ſix times over. Do not limit him (cry'd *Leonora*) let him kiſs it as often as he will; but take good Care that he Swear by the life of his Father and his Mother and by all that he loves beſt, for ſo ſhall we be ſecure and have our fill of hearing him Sing and Play, and as I live he does both delicately well. Be gone therefore without delaying any longer, that we may not ſpend the night only in talking. The good Governeſs tuck'd up her Tail, ſet her beſt foot forward, and in a trice came to the *Tornel*; where all the People of the Houſe ſtood expecting her. When ſhe ſhew'd 'em the Key, they were ſo rejoyc'd at it that they lifted her off the Ground, crying out, *long Live our Governeſs*, and much more when ſhe told 'em there was no need of Counterfeiting the Key; for according to the old Mans rate of ſleeping they might have the Key as often as they wou'd: Good, very Good, (ſaid one of the Damſels) let the Door be open'd and the Gentleman enter, that we may once ſee him. He has waited a long Time. Be

not

not ſo haſty (reply'd the Governeſs) there is more in it than to ſee him, We muſt take an Oath of him as we did the other Night. He is ſo good a Man, reply'd one of the Slaves, that he will not ſtick at an Oath, I dare ſay. Upon this the Governeſs open'd the Door and holding it a-jarr, ſhe call'd to *Loayſa*, who had heard every Word thro' the hole of the *Tornel*; coming to the Door he wou'd have enter'd all at once, but the Governeſs ſtopping him, Sir (ſaid ſhe) *I wou'd have you to know, that before God and in my Conſcience, all of us within the Doors of this Houſe are as true Virgins as the Mothers that bore us; except our Miſtreſs; and tho' I may ſeem to be Forty years of Age, I have not as yet ſeen Thirty, for I want two Months and a half of it, and am a Maid tho' a miſerable Sinner God knows; and if perhaps I look ſomewhat Old, I may thank the many Troubles and Croſſes which have befaln me, and thoſe you know will add one figure more if not two to our years according as we lay 'em to Heart. This being ſo, as it truly is, it wou'd not be reaſonable that in Exchange for two, three or four Songs, we ſhou'd put our ſelves to the hazard of loſing ſo much Virginity as is incloſ'd within theſe Walls; for even this Negra, whoſe Name is* Guiomar, *is a Virgin; and therefore, Sir, tho' my Heart ſtands well affected to you, before you enter into our Kingdom you muſt take a ſolemn Oath to do nothing but what we ſhall bid ye,*

and

and if it ſhou'd ſeem to you that much is requir'd of you; conſider we adventure much more; and if in coming hither your intention be good, you need not be ſcrupulous in Swearing, for a good Pay-maſter will not be loath to give a good Pawn. Admirably well has our Miſtreſs *Marialonſo* ſpoke (crys one of the Damſels) and like a diſcreet Woman as ſhe is, not only in this but all things elſe; and therefore if he refuſes to Swear let him not come in! Here *Guiomar* the Negra, interrupting, for my part (cry'd ſhe) Swear or not Swear, let him enter in the Devil's name, be he what he will; tho' he Swears never ſo much when he's once in he'll forget all. *Loayſa* very quietly heard *Marialonſo's* ſpeech, and with great Gravity and Compoſedneſs, anſwer'd; *Certainly (my much Honored and reſpected Friends and Companions) my Intention never was, is, or ever ſhall be but to procure your Pleaſure and Satisfaction, as far as my poor Abilities may reach; and therefore ſhall not with an ill will take this Oath which you require of me; yet I ſhou'd rather you had truſted to my Word, for the Ox is taken by his Horns, and Man by his Word; eſpecially iſſuing out of the Mouth of ſuch a Perſon as I am, it wou'd have been as Valid as any Bond or Obligation whatſoever: And I wou'd have you to know that under Sack-cloth there may be ſomething, and a thred-bare Cloak may cover a good Drinker. But that you may all be*

ſure

ſure of my vertuous Intentions, I am reſolv'd to Swear like a good Catholic and an honeſt Man, and therefore I Swear by the Life of all my Anceſtors, down from Don Japhet *of* Armenia *to this preſent Day, and by the Entries and Iſſues of the Holy Mount* Libanus, *and by all that is contain'd in the Preface of the true Hiſtory of* Charlemaign, *together with the Death of Gyant* Fierbraſs, *Never to tranſgreſs or paſs beyond the Oath I have already taken, nor diſobey the Command of the leaſt and meaneſt of this Company, upon Pain that if I ſhall either in Thought or Deed, do otherwiſe from this preſent till then, and from then till now, I hold it for Null, Void, and of no Effect.* Scarce had *Loayſa* ended his Oath, when one of the Damſels who had given Attentive Ear (cry'd aloud) This is an Oath to move the hardeſt Stones to Pity, and may ill luck befall me if I ſuffer you to Swear any further; for with this only Oath may'ſt thou enter the Cavern of *Cabra* (*a Town of Andaluſia*) and taking hold of the Skirts of his Doublet, ſhe pull'd him in and preſently all the reſt flock'd round him. One of 'em run immediately to her Miſtreſs who ſtood Centinell over her ſleeping Husband. When the Meſſenger told her the Muſician was come into the Gallery, ſhe was equally fill'd with Joy and Sadneſs, and demanded if he had taken his Oath, ſhe anſwer'd he had, and in ſuch a ſtrange Form, as never in all her

Life

Life had ſhe heard the like. *Well* (ſaid *Leonora*) *if he has Sworn we have him faſt! Oh how adviſedly was it done of me to put him to his Oath!* In the mean while came up the whole Troop with the Muſician in the Midſt of 'em, and *Louis* and *Guiomar* lighting 'em up Stairs. *Loayſa* no ſooner ſaw *Leonora*, but he caſt himſelf at her Feet to kiſs her Hands. She continu'd ſilent, but made ſigns that he ſhou'd Riſe. They were all like Mutes, not daring to ſpeak for fear their Maſter ſhou'd hear 'em; which *Loayſa* taking notice of, he told 'em they might freely and boldly ſpeak, for that the Ointment had ſuch Force and Vertue, that, except taking away life, it made a Man, for the time, as Dead as a Door nail. I believe it (ſaid *Leonora*) for if it were not ſo he had wak'd Twenty times ere this by reaſon of his many Indiſpoſitions, which never ſuffer him to ſleep long; but ſince I have 'nointed him he Snores that he makes the Windows ſhake agen. Well then, cry'd the Governeſs, let us go to the Hall over againſt us, where we may hear this Gentleman Sing, 'tis high time for us to recreate our ſelves a little. Be it ſo (ſaid *Leonora*) but let *Guiomar* ſtay here and Watch leſt *Carizales* ſhou'd Chance to Wake. Ay, ſays *Guiomar*, the black muſt Stay while the white muſt Play, and God forgive you all. However ſhe ſtay'd, and the reſt went to the Hall where there was

a rich * *Eſtrado*; ſo placing the Muſician in the middle they all ſat down. The good *Marialonſo* taking a light in her Hand, fell to ſurveying *Loayſa* from Head to Foot. Then, cry'd one of 'em! Oh what a fine fore-top is there, how well curl'd and how ſtiff it is! Oh (ſaid another) what a ſet of Teeth he has, whiter and cleaner than blanch'd Almonds! Oh what a full and quick Eye he has (ſay'd a third), by the Age of my Mother they ſparkle like Diamonds! This commended his Mouth, Another his Legs, and in ſhort they made an Anatomy of all the Parts of his Body; only *Leonora*, ſhe was ſilent; but look'd on him and thought him handſomer than her Aged Husband. At length the Governeſs took the Guittar out of the Negro's hand and put it into *Loayſa's*, and deſir'd him to Sing a certain Song then in great Requeſt at *Seville*; the burthen of the Song was, *Keep me not under Lock and Key*. *Loayſa* was all obedience. So they roſe and began to prepare themſelves to Dance. The Governeſs knew the Words of the Song and ſung 'em with a better Will than Voice. The Words were theſe,

Mother!

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* Eſtrado *is a place rais'd a ſtep higher than the reſt of the Room, and cover'd with Carpets or Mats as is us'd where Thrones are ſet; but in* Spain *they have an* Eſtrado *in every Houſe where the Women ſit upon Cuſhions.*

I.

Mother!

KEEP me not under Lock and Key,
For who can hold what will be Free?
And if I don't my ſelf Contain,
Your Watch and Ward is all in Vain.

II.

Set ne'er ſo many Guards and Spies,
Briareus *Hands and* Argus *Eyes,*
Inclination will find Leaſure
To gain its end and work its Pleaſure.

III.

If my own Pure unſpotted Thought
Defend me not from what is Naught;
It is not Fear nor yet Reward
That can a Woman's Honour Guard.

IV.

Things forbid we moſt Deſire;
Flames ſuppreſt Augment the Fire;
Brooks reſtrain'd, to Torrents riſe;
So much do's Nature Freedom prize.

V.

Cupid *will ſurely find a Trick*
Spight of your Teeth your Lock to Pick.
Sometimes by ſtealth he ſoftly crawls,
Sometimes like Hunger breaks Stone-walls.

VI. *How*

VI.

How Vain the Strength of Danae's *Tower,*
When Love *to Shew his Mighty Power,*
And make the Virgin Roſe unfold
Bade Jove *deſcend in ſhow'rs of Gold!*

VII.

The Air impriſon'd in the Earth
Rips up its Womb to force its Birth:
Thunder tears the Clouds, diſdaining
Ought ſhou'd aim at its reſtraining.

VIII.

A Veſſel full that hath not vent
Breaks Hoop and will not long be pent.
How can that Treaſure Secret be
To which all Mankind has a Key?

IX.

If Nature once you ſtrive to force
It will return and have its courſe;
And if I don't my ſelf contain
Your Watch and Ward is all in Vain.

The Song being ended and with it their Dancing, (wherein their Governeſs *Mariaſonſo* was their Leader) they had ſcarce unhanded, but *Guyomar* their Centinel came running in and trembling as if ſhe had a Palſy and with a hollow low Voice, cry'd, *her Maſter was awake and coming.* He that has

ſeen a Flock of Pidgeons feeding without fear and devouring the Labour of the Husbandman; when at the furious report of the diſcharg'd Fowling-piece they riſe forgetfull of their Food, Confus'd and Aſtoniſh'd they betake themſelves to their Wings and cleave the liquid Air; let him imagine the ſame by this knot of Dancers, frighted and amaz'd at the unexpected News, which *Guyomar* had brought 'em. Every one ſtudying their Excuſe and all their Safety; Some Run one way, ſome another, to hide themſelves in the Roof and Corners of the Houſe, leaving the Muſician all alone, and he leaving his Guittar, and full of Confuſion, not knowing what to do. *Leonora* wrung her fair Hands, and *Marialonſo* buffeted her Face tho' but ſoftly. In ſhort all was Confuſion, Amazement and Fear: But the Governeſs as one who had her Wits better about her than the reſt, took care to put *Loayſa* into a Chamber of her own, reſolving to ſtay her ſelf with her Miſtreſs in the Hall, and that an excuſe ſhou'd not be wanting to her old Maſter, when he came and found 'em there. *Loayſa* preſently hid himſelf and the Governeſs look't out ſharp to ſee whether her Maſter was coming or no, and not hearing the leaſt Noiſe ſhe begun to take Heart, and by little and little ſtepping towards his Chamber ſhe heard him Snore as before. And being aſſur'd that he was aſleep, ſhe

tuck'd

tuck'd up her Cloaths and ran to her Miſtreſs, and demanded a Reward for the good News ſhe brought; which *Leonora* gladly promis'd her. The Governeſs was unwilling to loſe the Opportunity Fortune offer'd her of being the firſt Enjoyer of thoſe good Parts which ſhe imagin'd the Muſician was Owner of; ſo deſiring *Leonora* to ſtay in the Hall till ſhe call'd him, ſhe went and found him no leſs Confus'd than Penſive, and expecting News of the old Man; he curs'd the falſneſs of the Ointment and complain'd of the Credulity of his Friends and their Imprudence in not making a previous Tryal of it on ſome other. While he was thinking on theſe things in comes the Governeſs and aſſur'd him that the old Man ſlept ſounder than ever; this allay'd the trouble of his Mind and compos'd him to hear the many Amorous Expreſſions which *Marialonſa* had prepar'd for him; whereby he gather'd her wicked Intention and determin'd with himſelf to make her the hook and line to Fiſh for her Miſtreſs. While theſe two were Diſcourſing together, the Reſt of the Servants who had hid themſelves in ſeveral parts of the Houſe return'd, one bolting out here, another there, to ſee if it were true that their Maſter was awake; but perceiving that all was bury'd in profound ſilence they came to the Hall, where they had left their

Miſtreſs, of whom they underſtood their Maſter was ſtill aſleep, and being likewiſe inform'd that the Muſician and Governeſs were together; they all of 'em with the ſame ſtilneſs went to the Door to hearken to their Converſation. The Negra *Guyomar* did not fail to Accompany 'em: But the Negro *Louis* was wanting, for he no ſooner heard that his Maſter was awake, but taking his Guittar along with him he run to his Hay-loft, and covering himſelf over Head and Ears with the blanket of his poor Bed, was in a perfect Bagnio thro' very fear; yet for all this cou'd he not forbear ſcraping on the Guittar (the Deuce take him) ſo violent was his Paſſion, or rather his Fury for Muſick.

The Wenches overheard the Courtſhip of the Old Beldam, and all of them gave her their Bleſſing over the Left-Shoulder, ſome in one ill-favour'd Phraſe and ſome in another, and none of 'em call'd her Old without the addition of Hagg, Witch, Baud, or ſome other Sur-Name, which for good Conſiderations we ſhall paſs over; but that which was moſt extraordinary was the Dialect of *Guyomár* the Negra, who being a Portugueſe and but indifferently vers'd in the Spaniſh, had ſuch an odd ſort of turn in her Curſes, that they almoſt burſt their Girths with Laughing. To conclude, the upſhot of the Diſcourſe between theſe two

was,

was, that he wou'd condescend to *her* Desires, on Condition she wou'd first deliver up her Mistress to *his*. It seem'd to the Governess to be a very difficult Task; however, to satiate her Lust, which had now taken full possession of her Soul, her Bones and all the Marrow of her Body, she car'd not what Impossibilities she promis'd. On these Terms she left him, to go to her Mistess, and seeing the Door surrounded by all the Servants, she commanded 'em to withdraw to their several Lodgings; And the next Night they shou'd have a better Opportunity to enjoy the Musician. Well did they understand that the Old Woman wanted to be left alone, but they did not disobey her because she had the absolute Command over 'em. The Maids went their Ways, and the Governess made directly to the Hall to perswade *Leonora* to comply with *Loaysa*'s Desires. She made so fine so well-connected and pathetical a Speech that one wou'd ha' sworn she had study'd it for a long time before; She prais'd his Genteel Carriage, the sweetness of his Disposition, the vigour of his Youth, his Valour, Wit, and many other good Qualities, as well those which he had, as others which he had not; she represented how much more Savory the Embraces of a Young Lover wou'd be than those of an Old Husband. She told her 'twas the common Pra-

ctice of all Young Women who had ſuch Husbands, at leaſt if they had any Senſe; ſhe aſſur'd her the thing ſhou'd be ſecret and the pleaſure laſting, and ſeveral other ſuch like Arguments, which the Devil put into her Mouth, enrich'd with Rhetorical Colours, and the beſt Varniſh Eloquence cou'd ſhade 'em with: So full of Demonſtration and Efficacy that they were capable of moving not only the tender and unwary Heart of the innocent *Leonora*, but even the hardeſt Marble. Oh ye *Duenas* who are born and live in the World for the perdition of a thouſand good and holy intentions! Oh ye long and plaited Veils, the Honourable Dreſs of Grave Matrons, choſen to Authorize and Adorn the Halls and Drawing-Rooms of your principal Ladies! How contrary to your Duty do you exerciſe this your powerful, or rather Enforcing Office!

In a Word, the *Duena* Said ſo much, the *Duena* Perſwaded ſo well, that *Leonora* yielded, *Leonora* was abus'd, *Leonora* was ruin'd; overthrowing all the Preventions of the diſcreet *Carizales* who ſlept the Sleep of his Honour's Death. *Marialonſa* took her Miſtreſſe's Hand, and as it were by force (her Eyes being full of Tears) brought her to the Place where *Loayſa* was, and after ſhe had given 'em her Benediction, retir'd, with a Smile as falſe as Hell, and went and

threw

threw her ſelf upon the *Eſtrado* to Sleep, or to ſay better, to wait for her turn of Pleaſure, and take the Ball at its rebound. It had been a proper Queſtion to have ask'd *Carizales* (if he had not been aſleep), what was become of his diſcreet Contrivances? his fearful Jealouſies? his wiſe Circumſpections? his pithy Perſwaſions? the high Terras of his Houſe, wherein nothing enter'd that was Male, not even in Picture? To what purpoſe the narrow *Tornel*? the thick Walls? Windows without Light? his unaccountable Cloiſtring of People? What of that great Joynture *Leonora* was endow'd with? the continual Dainties ſhe was regal'd with? the good Treatment of her Servants and Slaves? and indulging 'em in every thing which he imagin'd they cou'd wiſh or deſire? But we have told you already that there was no asking him any ſuch thing, becauſe he ſlept ſomething ſounder than was neceſſary he ſhou'd; and tho' he had heard theſe Queſtions he cou'd have made no other Anſwer than by ſhrugging his Shoulders, knitting of his Brow, and ſaying, *All this fair Building has the Subtilty of a Vicious young Fellow, the wickedneſs of a falſe Governante, the Indiſcretion of an importun'd and over-perſwaded young Girl, deſtroy'd and thrown to the Ground. God deliver all of us from ſuch Enemies, againſt whom Prudence has no Buckler which can defend, nor*

Wiſ-

Wiſdom any Sword which bears an Edge!

But notwithſtanding all this, the Vertue of *Leonora* was ſuch, that at a time when ſhe had moſt Need of it ſhe ſhew'd her Valour againſt the Villainous Efforts of her cunning ſeducer, who was not ſtrong enough to Conquer her, but wearied himſelf in vain; ſhe remain'd Victorious, and Sleep overcame 'em both.

In the mean while Heaven had ſo order'd it, that in ſpight of the Ointment *Curizales* awoke; and as his Cuſtom was, he ſtretch'd out his Arms and felt about the Bed; but not finding his beloved Wife, he leap'd forth Amaz'd and Aſtoniſh'd, with much greater Nimbleneſs than his many Years promis'd: and when he miſs'd her and found the Door open and the Key gone from between the Quilts, he was ready to run out of his Wits; but recollecting himſelf, he went out into the Gallery, and going thence as ſoft as Foot cou'd fall, came into the Hall, where the Governeſs was ſleeping, and ſeeing her all alone without *Leonora*, he made directly to *Marialonſa*'s Chamber, and opening the Door very gingerly, he ſaw what he cou'd have wiſh'd he might never have ſeen; he ſaw what he cou'd have wiſh'd he had no Eyes to have ſeen; he ſaw *Leonora* in the Arms of *Loayſa*, ſleeping as profoundly as if the force of the Ointment had wrought upon them not him.

He

He became insensible at this unexpected Sight! he knew not whether he was sleeping or waking, his Tongue cleav'd to the Roof of his Mouth, and his Arms hung with Faintness: One wou'd have taken him for a Statue of cold Marble, and tho' Choler did its natural Office in striving to reanimate his almost dead Spirits; yet Sorrow so oversway'd his Anger, that he cou'd scarce fetch Breath. If he had had any Weapon with him, he wou'd have taken such Revenge, as so great a Wickedness deserv'd, and therefore resolv'd with himself to return to his Chamber, and fetch a Dagger to wash away the Stains of his Honour with the Blood of his two Enemies, and that of his whole Family. Having taken this honourable and necessary Resolution, he return'd with the same Silence to his Chamber; where he was no sooner enter'd, but his Heart was oppress'd with such a load of Grief, that without any Power to resist it, he fell into a Swoon on his Bed. In the mean time Day appear'd and caught these suppos'd Adulterers intangled in the Net of each other's Arms: *Marialonsa* awoke and wou'd have gone for her share in the Cake; but seeing it so early, she thought fit to defer it till the next Night. *Leonora* likewise was surpris'd to see the Day open, and curs'd her own Negligence and that of her perverse Governess; and both of them ha-

haſten'd to the Old Man's Chamber, mumbling Prayers to Heaven that they might find him ſtill ſnoring; and when they ſaw him on the Bed and without Motion, they doubted not but the Ointment continued its Effect, and that he was really aſleep. So *Leonora* and *Marialonſa* embrac'd each other for Joy; *Leonora* drew nearer to her Husband, and taking hold of one of his Arms, turn'd him about from Side to Side, to try whether he wou'd awake without putting her to the Pains of waſhing him with Vinegar; but with the Motion *Carizales* recover'd his Senſes, and fetching a deep Sigh, cry'd out with a lamentable Voice, Unhappy Wretch that I am, to what extream Miſery has my ill Fortune reduc'd me! *Leonora* did not underſtand well what her Husband ſaid; but ſeeing him wake, and hearing him ſpeak, ſhe was ſurpris'd that the Virtue of the Ointment was ſo ſoon over; however ſhe drew near, and laying her Face to his, and claſping him faſt in her Arms, What ails you, my Lord, (ſays ſhe) methinks I hear you complain as if you were not well! The unfortunate Old Man heard the Voice of his ſweet Enemy, and opening his Eyes as in amaze, fix'd 'em on her with great earneſtneſs, without moving his Eye-lids in the leaſt for a conſiderble time together. At laſt he deſir'd ſhe wou'd ſend inſtantly for her Father and Mo-

ther,

ther, for that he felt ſomething at his Heart which pain'd him extremely, and which he fear'd wou'd carry him off, and that he wou'd fain ſee them before he dyed. *Leonora* verily believ'd what her Husband ſaid to be true, thinking that the ſtrength of the Oyntment, not what he had ſeen, had put him into this Agony. She immediately diſpatch'd *Louis* to fetch her Parents; and embracing her Husband, Careſs'd him more than ever ſhe did, asking him how he did, where his Grief lay, with ſuch tender and fond Expreſſions, as if ſhe lov'd nothing elſe in the World. *Carizales* look'd on her in the ſame wild manner as before; every Word that ſhe utter'd, and every endearment ſhe ſhew'd, being a Lance that wounded his very Soul. In the mean time the Governeſs inform'd *Loayſa* of her Maſter's Sickneſs; adding, that it muſt needs be very ſevere ſince he had forgot to Command the ſhutting of the Gate when the Negro went out to call her Miſtreſs's Parents, wond'ring withal why *they* ſhou'd be ſent for in ſuch poſt haſte, ſince neither of 'em had ſet Foot within the Houſe from the time their Daughter was firſt marry'd: In a word, they were all of them very ſilent and in ſuſpence, not in the leaſt gueſſing the true cauſe of their Maſter's Indiſpoſition, who ever and anon fetch'd ſuch deep and bitter Sighs, as ſeem'd

to rend his very Soul from his Body. *Leonora* wept to ſee him in that Condition, and he ſmil'd with the Air of one beſide himſelf conſidering the falſneſs of her Tears. By this time *Leonora*'s Parents were come. When they found the Door to the Street and that to the Inner Court open, and the Houſe bury'd in ſilence and no body to be ſeen; they were not a little amaz'd. They went up to their Son in Law's Chamber, and found him with his Eyes ſtill nail'd to his Wife, whom he held faſt by the hand, both of 'em ſhedding Floods of Tears, ſhe purely becauſe ſhe ſaw her Husband do ſo, and he to ſee how feignedly ſhe Wept.

As ſoon as her Parents enter'd the Chamber, *Carizales* ſaluted 'em, and deſir'd 'em to ſit down and commanded all the reſt except the Governeſs *Marialonſo* to void the Room. They did ſo, and only theſe five were left. *Carizales* wiping his Eyes, began with a compos'd Voice in this Manner, *I am well aſſur'd (deareſt Father and Mother) that there is no Occaſion to produce Witneſſes to Vouch a Truth which I have to deliver to you. You may very well Remember (for 'tis impoſſible you ſhou'd forget it) with how much Love and Tenderneſs you deliver'd up to me your beloved Daughter for my lawfull Wife, juſt a Year, one Month, five Days, and nine Hours. You know likewiſe how liberally I endow'd her; in ſuch a Manner, that three or four of her Quality*

Quality might ha' been Marry'd with the ſame Fortune and eſteem'd Rich. You may Remember too the care and diligence I uſed in Clothing and Adorning her with whatever ſhe cou'd deſire or was fitting for her. In like manner (my very good Friends) you have ſeen, how, being led by my own natural Inclination and fearfull of that Evil which will doubtleſs be my Death, and having by my great Age experienc'd the ſtrange and various Accidents of this World, I was deſirous to keep this Jewell (which I made Choice of, and you gave me) with the greateſt Caution poſſible. I rais'd the Walls of this Houſe to a great height, I depriv'd the Windows of light, I doubled the Locks to the Doors, I made ſuch a Tornel as they have at Monaſteries, I baniſh'd every thing that had but the leaſt ſhadow or figure of a Man, I gave her female Servants and Slaves to attend her Perſon; nor did I deny them or her any thing they ask'd of me. I made her my Equal; I communicated with her my moſt ſecret Thoughts, and put into her hands all my Wealth and Treaſure. Theſe things well conſider'd ought to have ſecur'd me in the quiet Enjoyment of what coſt me ſo dear, and I might have expected ſhe wou'd have made it her ſtudy not to have given me the leaſt occaſion for a Jealous Thought; bnt becauſe 'tis impoſſible to avert by human diligence the Chatiſement which the Divine Will is pleas'd to inflict on thoſe who do not wholly place their Deſires on things above, 'tis no wonder that I am deceiv'd in mine, and

that I my self have been the preparer of the Poyson that kills me: But because I perceive the Doubts you are in, I will conclude the Preface of my Discourse with one word which 'tis impossible to relate in many Thousands. I tell you then (my good Friends) All that I have Said and Done ends here. This Woman Born into the World for the disturbance of my Quiet and loss of my Life (pointing to Leonora) *I found this Morning in the Arms of a lusty young Man, who is now secretly shut up in the lodging of that cursed Governess.*

Scarce had *Carizales* ended these last Words, but *Leonora*'s Heart being suddainly clouded she fainted away between her Husbands knees, *Marialonso* turn'd Pale, and *Leonora*'s Parents had such a rising in their Throats they cou'd not utter a Word; but *Carizales* pursuing his Discourse, *The Vengeance*, says he, *which I mean to take for this foul Affront shall not be what is ordinary on such Occasions; Rather, as I was singular in my Actions my Revenge shall be the same; It shall fall on my self, As most guilty of this Offence; for I ought to have consider'd how inconsistent the Fifteen Years of this Girl, were with the Fourscore of mine. I am he who like the Silk-worm have wrought the House which serves for my Tomb. Nor do I at all blame thee, Oh ill advis'd young Soul,* (and with that he bow'd down his head and kiss'd the Cheek of the confus'd *Leonora*) *I do not blame thee, I say, because the presuasions*

of

of subtle old Beldams, and the love Tricks of Amorous young Men easily Subdue and Triumph over the little Judgment which thy few Years afford. But that all the World may see the worth and value of that Affection which I bear to thee in this last Article of my Life, I will shew it in such a manner that it may remain as an example, if not of Goodness yet at least of such Simplicity of Heart, as was never heard of or seen before, and therefore let a Scrivner be presently sent for to make my Will anew; wherein I will double Leonora's *Dowry, and shall intreat her that after my Days are ended, which will soon happen, she wou'd dispose her Will (as she may then do without constraint) to espouse that young Man whom the Grey Hairs of this unfortunate Old one never Offended. Thus she may see that if when alive I never acted Contrary to her Pleasure, I am now willing to do the like in Death, being desirous to please her by leaving her the Possession of him, on whom she seems to place her Felicity. As to the rest of my Estate I shall give it to pious Uses, and to you (kind Father and Mother) I shall leave you where-with-all to Live honourably the remainder of your Lives. Cause the Scrivner to come presently; for the Passion which has already seiz'd me, do's oppress me in such a manner, that it will in a very short Time cut of the thread of my Life.* Here he fell into a terrible fit with his Face close to *Leonora's*: A Strange and sad Spectacle for the Father and Mother, who had their Eyes fix'd on

their dear Daughter and their beloved Son-in-Law; the wicked Governeſs wou'd not not ſtay to hear the Rebukes ſhe expected from her Lady's Parents, and therefore got out of the Room, and went to acquaint *Loayſa* with all that had paſs'd, adviſing him inſtantly to be gone, and ſhe wou'd take care to give him Notice by the Negro of the Iſſue of this Affair; ſince now there were no Doors nor Keys to hinder the Paſſage. *Loayſa* was amaz'd at this ſtrange News, and following her Advice, return'd to put on his old Rags like a poor Beggar, and haſten'd to his Friends to acquaint them with the ſtrange and unheard of Succeſs of his Amours.

While the Husband and Wife were thus overcome with their ſeveral Paſſions, *Leonora*'s Father ſent for a Scrivner, a Friend of his, who enter'd juſt as *Leonora* and her Husband return'd to their Senſes: *Carizales* made his Will in the manner mentioned before, without declaring *Leonora*'s Fault; Only that for ſome good and juſt Conſiderations, he deſir'd, in caſe he dy'd, ſhe wou'd Marry that young Man whom he had told her of in Secret.

Leonora hearing this, threw her ſelf at her Husband's Feet, and with a trembling Voice, Live, my dear Lord (ſays ſhe) Live many many Years; for tho' you have little Reaſon to believe any thing I ſhall ſay, know that

that I have never offended you but in Thought. Upon this, beginning to excuſe her ſelf, and to recount at length the truth of the Caſe, ſhe cou'd not move her Tongue, but fainted away again; Her griev'd Husband embrac'd her, as did alſo her Parents, and all of them wept ſo bitterly, that they even forc'd the Scrivner to accompany them in their Tears; *Carizales* ſign'd the Will, and left a ſufficient Maintenance for all his Servants; he likewiſe ſet at Liberty his Women-Slaves and the Negro; but to the falſe *Marialonſo* he left no more than her bare Wages; and having thus ſettled his Eſtate, was carried the ſeventh Day after to his Grave. *Leonora* remain'd a mournful, but a wealthy Widow, and *Loayſa* well hoped ſhe wou'd accompliſh her Husband's Will (which he knew of); but when he ſaw that a Week afterwards ſhe enter'd into one of the ſtricteſt Monaſterys of the City; being fruſtrated of his Hopes, and aſham'd to ſhew his Face, he went for the *Indies*. *Leonora*'s Parents were full of Sorrow, yet in ſome Degree comforted with the Proviſion their Son-in-Law had made for them: The Servants had the like Conſolation, and the Slaves rejoic'd in their Liberty; but the naughty Governeſs remain'd poor and diſappointed of all her leud Purpoſes, and I my ſelf am very glad I am come to an end of this Adventure, which may ſerve

as an Example and Mirror of the little Confidence that is to be put in Keys, Locks, Tornels and Walls, whilst the Will continues Free; and how much less we are to truſt to green and tender Years, when they are betray'd by the perſuaſions of theſe ſame *Duenas*, whoſe Habit and Attire is Grave and Matron like; but their Tongues and Hearts full of Deceit and Miſchief. Still I am Ignorant of the Reaſon, why *Leonora* did not expreſs her ſelf more at large, and take more Pains to clear her Conduct, and to ſhew to her jealous Husband how unſpotted ſhe was, and what a valiant Reſiſtance ſhe made; but in all likelyhood the trouble of her Soul had ty'd her Tongue, and the precipitate Death of her Husband depriv'd her of an Opportunity to juſtify her ſelf.

FINIS.